

Judy Allred

[Austin, Texas, 1963 A.]

FRATERNITY SONGS

Singing has always been an important part of fraternity life and will probably continue to be. The trend in popularity of songs changes as time progresses. Today, it seems that the sweet, pledging-of-our-faith-and-loyalty-to-thee song is ranked after the more rowdy, beer-drinking song according to popularity among the different fraternities. They progress from funny, to slightly suggestive, to nasty, and finally to extremely rank. The beer-drinking songs fall into two major categories: those sung in mixed company, and those for stag parties. These two categories are becoming more and more inseparable because the girls are becoming more liberal minded or less easily embarrassed and shocked--a result of changing mores.

I chose to divide the songs I have collected according to my observations into those for mixed company, and those for stag parties. I collected some of the songs from individuals, and others from groups or from several different boys. Unless I have noted who contributed a song, it is fairly universal among many fraternities and was collected several times or from a group.

I.: Some fraternity songs sung in mixed company.

1.

Took a Little Trip
(Collected from Bob Hatcher, Phi Kappa Psi,
University of Texas)

Took a little trip to Heaven
To see the folks up there,
And they were all a seated
Around the heavenly chair.
And when they were all lined up
Around the heavenly bar,
Each angel on his shirt front wore
A gravy bowl and star

Ya ya ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya ya

Took a little trip to hades
To see the poor lost souls
The Phi Delt's and the Phi Gams
Were squatting on the coals.
The D K E 's and Delta Tau's to sizzle had begun.
While the Phi Psi's were in velvet chairs
A watchin' all the fun.

Ya ya ya ya ya etc.

The Beta Theta Pi'swer labled duds
And placed upon the shelf.
When in walked ole Beelzebub,
The King of Hell himself.
He slipped the old-time friendly grip
And yelled aloud Hi Hi!
For he was a charter member
And a damn good ol' Phi Psi.

Ya ya ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya ya
Ya ya ya ya ya ya, ya ya ya ya ya
Repeat

Boom!

2. Took My Gal Out Walking
Tune- "Walking Down Canal Street"
Collected from Bob Hatcher

Took my gal out walking, late one Saturday nite,
Took my gal out walking, The moon was shining bright.
Asked my gal to marry me, and what do you think she said?
Said she wouldn't marry me if the whole wide world were dead.

How come you do like I do like I do Like I do
Do like I do like I do Like I do

Said he was a member of Phi Kappa Psi
Said he'll be a member until the day he died.
Sing a song of loyalty and raise your voices high,
For I am a member of Phi Kappa Psi.

How come you do like I do Like I do like I do
Do like I do like I do like I do
I like the rest but the part I like best
Is do like I do like I do.

3. The Sheik of Old T. U.
Tune—"The Sheik of Araby"
Collected from Bob Hatcher

* The parts in parentheses are chanted in a fast pace

There's No Hiding Place Down There

Collected from Roy Hall, Delta Tau Delta, Texas University

Oh the Kappas they wear the golden key, the golden key,
Oh the Kappas they wear the golden key, the golden key,
Oh the Kappas wear the golden key, the key to their virginity,
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Thetas they are a bunch of wrecks, a bunch of wrecks,
Oh the Thetas they are a bunch of wrecks, a bunch of wrecks,
Oh the Thetas are a bunch of wrecks, turn out the lights, turn
on the sex,
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Zetas they burn the bright red light, the bright red light,
Oh the Zetas they burn the bright red light, the bright red light,
Oh the Zetas burn the bright red light, any time--day or night,
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Chi O's they wear the low cut dress, the low cut dress,
Oh the Chi O's they wear the low cut dress, the low cut dress,
Oh the Chi O's wear the low cut dress, It's so low I must confess
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Alpha Phis they are a bunch of pigs, a bunch of pigs,
Oh the Alpha Phis they are a bunch of pigs, a bunch of pigs,
Oh the Alpha Phis are a bunch of pigs, they only sleep with
Kappa Sigs,

There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Pi Phis they are a bunch of frills, a bunch of frills,
Oh the Pi Phis they are a bunch of frills, a bunch of frills,
Oh the Pi Phis are a bunch of frills, Footsteps on the window sills,
There's no hiding place down there.

Oh the Tri Deltas are so tried and true, tried and true,
Oh the Tri Deltas They are so tried and true, tried and true,
Oh the Tri Deltas are so tried and true, I tried and tried and so
have you.

There's no hiding place down there.

The following two songs Collected from Dick Taylor, Phi Delta Theta, Texas University

5.

Phi Delt Bungalow

You may live in a marble palace, dear,
On a throne that was built just for you.
You may live in a tent in the far Orient
Or a vine-covered cottage for two.
You may spend all your life as a gypsy's wife,
Or live in a French chateau.
But the love that is true, it is waiting for you,
In a Phi Delt Bungalow.

6.

Tell Me Why She Wears His Pin
To tune of "Tell Me Why"

Tell me why she wears his pin
Tell me why she's strong for him,
Tell me why she is so true,
She told me why, now I'll tell you.

Because he is a Phi Delt bold.
Because he is a knight of old,
Because he wears the sword and shield,
That's the reason she had to yield.

7.

There Are No Chi Omega's At Purdue
To the tune of "I Wish I Was A Little Cake of Soap"
Collected from Bob Doby, Sigma Nu, Texas

Oh, there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue
Oh, there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue
So the Beta Theta Pis all sleep with Sigma Chis
For there are no Chi Omegas at Purdue.

Oh, there are some Chi Omegas at T. U.
Oh, there are some Chi Omegas at T. U.
But the Beta Theta Pis Still sleep with Sigma Chis
And the Chi Omegas sleep with Sigma Nus.

8. Party Shelter

(Collected from Bob Venable, Delta Tau Delta, University of Texas)

Delta Tau Delta, It's A Party Shelter.
Delta Tau Delta, That's -uh- where I felt her.
We had a dance, in the game room.
Come on baby won't you give me some leg room
Delta Tau Delta that's where I felt that Delta Tau
baby of mine.

Fornication is nice
But incest is best
Delta Tau Delta leads all the rest.
I laid my baby on the ping pong table
Tried to get up but I wasn't able
Delta Tau Delta That's where I felt that Delta Tau
baby of mine.

9. Roll Me Over

Collected from Larry Hurleu, Sigma Nu, Texas U.

Chorus - Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.

Oh, this is number one and the fun has just begun.

Chorus

Oh, this is number two and his hand is on my shoe.

Chorus

Oh, this is number three and his hand is on my knee.

Chorus

Oh, this is number four and I can't sing anymore.

Chorus

10. Son of a Sigma Nu
Collected from Larry Hurley, Sigma Nu, Texas U.

Never trust a Sigma Nu an inch above your knee
I trusted one the other night to see how it would be.
He told me that he loved me and always would be true
But that son of a bitch he left with a son of a Sigma Nu.

11. No name
Collected from Maurice Weiner, Tau Delta Phi, Texas U.

From 76th street to Capitol Hill,
We're gonna get drunk tonight
The faculty's afraid of us
They know we're in the right
So raise your cup, your loving cup,
As high as high can be
For as long as sex and liquor lasts
We'll drink to the U. of T.

Oh I think I need another drink, hey!
I think I need another drink, ho!
I think I need another drink
To the glory of Tau Delta Phi.

12. Delta Hall
Collected from Charlie Leeper, Delta Tau Delta, Texas U.

In Delta Hall, In Delta Hall
Where every man is king.
In Delta Hall, In Delta Hall
We laugh, we dance, we sing.
With a beerstein on the table (Taaable)
We will drink while we are aaable
And we don't give a damn for any Phi Gam
In Delta Hall

Oh, I think that we oughta have a drink,
I think that we oughta have a drink,
I think that we oughta have a drink
To the glory of Delta Tau.

13. Tune - It's a Great Day
Collected from Larry Hurley, Sigma Nu, Texas U.

When you're down and out
Lift up your head and shout
O-h-h-h-h-h-h-h shit!

14. I'm A Drunk Pi Kappa Alpha
Collected from Johnny Holman Pi K.A., Texas University

I'm a drunk Pi Kappa Alpha,
And I love my Haig and Haig.
I love my Johhny Walker and I love my lady's leg
Oh, I get drunk on all occasions just to pass the time away
I'm a no good drunken son of a gun
But a damn good Pi K A.

15. The Buffalo Song
Tune - "The Unconstant Lover"
Collected from Johnny Holman, Pi K A, Texas U.

T'was a cold and windswept prairie Where nature loves no man,
There a buffalo met his brother- a lying in the sand.
Said the buffalo to his brother,
"What makes you lie that way?"
But his brother never said,
For his brother had been dead--
Since way----last May----

16. I'm A Crackin' Up
Tune - "Hawaiian War Chant"
Collected from Will Wills, Sigma Nu, Texas University

I'm a cracking up from a lack of shacking up,
I'm a cracking up from a lack of shacking up
I just got back from Wanta Wanta Lay
And I'm about to die from a lack of nuki, too.
Oh lay me, uh, uh;
Oh lay me, uh, uh;
Oh lay me, uh, uh,
Oh lay me, uh, uh.
I'm a cracking up from a lack of shacking up.
I'm a cracking up from a lack of shacking up.
I just got back from Wanta Wanta Lay
And I'm about to die from a lack of nuki, too.

17. Niggers and Jews
Tune - "Mademoiselle" from "Army Tears"
Collected from Larry Hurley, Sigma Nu, Texas University

Niggers and Jews and Sigma Nu's parleyvous
Niggers and Jews and Sigma Nu's parleyvous
My mother was a Nigger
And my daddy was a Jew.
I'm just another bastard Sigma Nu.

18. I Used To Work In Chicago
Collected from Doug Cooper, Sigma Phi Epsilon, Texas U.

Chorus - I used to work in Chicago in a department store
I used to work in Chicago I did but I don't anymore

A lady came in, she asked for some fruit,
I asked her what kind she adored, Plums she said,
So plummer I did, I did but I don't anymore.

Chorus

A lady came in, she asked for some cake.
I asked her what kind she adored, layer she said
So layer I did, I did but I don't anymore.

Chorus

A lady came in, she asked for some hardware,
I asked her what kind she adored, nail she said,
So nail her I did, I did but I don't anymore.

Chorus

A lady came in, she asle d for some cinnamon,
I asked her what kind she adored, sticks she said
So stick her I did, I did but I don't anymore.

Chorus

.....pea soup
..... split....
So split her.....

.....salad
.....forks.....
So toss her ;....

.....milk
.....cream.....
So cream her.....

.....booze
....Liquor....
So lick her

.....covers
..... A Spread....
So spread hef.....

.....a banana
.....peeled...
So peel her.....

.....some rope
.....jump....
So jump her.....

.....hardware
.....plug...
So plug her.....

19. Hairy Chested Men

Tune - "Year of the Jubilo"
Collected from Billy Galbreth, A.T.O., Texas U.

We are the joy boys of ATO
Hello, hello, hello, hello.
We want the whole damn world to know
We are the joy boys of ATO.

We are the great big -uh- hairy chested men.
We are the ATO's.

For we drink whiskey with the best of them
Gin with the rest of them
Beer with the worst of them.

20. O'Leary's Bar

Collected from Bucky Hightower, Sigma Chi, Texas U.

Twas a cold winters evening
The guests were all leaving
O'Leary was closing the bar
When he turned and said
To the lady in red
Get out you can't stay where you are
She swept a sad tear
In her bucket of beer
As she thought of the cold night ahead.
When a Sigma Chi dapper
Stepped out of the crapper
And these are the words that he said:
Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know
About the ways of Sigma Chi's
And how they come and go (Mostly go)
How age has taken her beauty
And sin has left its sad scar (what a gash!)
So remember your mothers and sisters, Sigs
Let Nellie sleep under the bar ---- B-A-R-E.

21. Sam Hall
Collected from Doug Cooper, Sigma Phi Epsilon, Texas U.

Well my name is Sam Hall, is Sam Hall.
Now my name is Sam Hall, is Sam Hall.
Yes my name is Sam Hall, and I hate you one and all
You're a bunch of mucker's all, God damn your eyes.

Well I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said
Now I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said
Well I killed a man 'tis said, Hell! I split his
Bloody head and left him for dead,
God damn his eyes.

Well the sheriff he come too, he come too,
Now the sheriff he come too, he com too,
Well the sheriff he come too, with his little boys in blue,
Lord, what a bloody crew, God damn their eyes.

I saw Molly in the crowd, in the crowd
I saw Molly in the crowd, in the crowd
Now I saw Molly in the crowd, and I hollered right out loud
"Hey, Molly, ain't ya proud, God damn your eyes.

Well the parson, he did come, he did come,
Now the parson, he did come, he did come,
Yes the parson, he did come, and he looked so God damn
glum, as he talked of Kingdom come,
Well he can kiss my runny bun, God damn his eyes.

Let this be my parting yell, parting yell,
Let this be my parting yell, parting yell.
Let this be my parting yell, and I'll see you all in Hell,
And I hope you sizzle well, God damn your eyes.

22. The Clink Song
Collected from Dave Standridge, Acacia, University of Texas.

Ac- ac- ia--Acacia,
Drink, drink, drink,
Our glasses we'll fill
And we pledge with a will
As they clink, clink, clink
Let Acacia be our toast
Long live in blessed unity
Our dear fraternity.

23.

Far Below
(Dave Standridge)

Far below Acacias Standard,
There's a motley crew.
One-hundred and twenty sons of bitches
Known as Sigma nus.
Half the world is white and pure,
The other half is Sigma-Nure.

24.

Skirts

Collected from Ray Simms, Phi Kappa Psi, Texas University

Broadway's a tame street, compared to Guadalupe Street
All dressed up Saturday night.
All the way from Hirsh's down to Charlie's liquor store
You can see those Campus Wheels all dressed up
And sittin' on the corner
Looking 'em over straight from the shoulder
Corn fed and struttin' up and down.

Tho their skirts are made of gingham
Its the saucy way they swing 'em
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of flannel
Its the zipper on the panel
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of serge
Its that biological urge
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of denim
Its the stuff they carry in 'em
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of cowhide,
Its the bare hide on the inside
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of linen,
Its the way they let the men in,
That brings the drummers to our home town.

Tho their skirts are made of grass
Its the way they shake their shoulders,
That brings the drummers to our home town.

(There is room for many more verses to this song, and
and there are probably more made up every time it is sung.)

25.

As We Go Marching

Collected from Ray Simms, Phi Kappa Psi

Adam was the first man the Phi Psis ever took in.
Socrates the wisest that ever wore the pin.
Sampson was the strongest, although he had the itch,
And when Julius Caesar came along, we pledged the son-of-a-bitch.

Chorus

For as we go marching, and the band begins to P-L-S-Y
You can hear the voices shouting, the raggedy-eyed Phi Psis
Are out againDa, da, da, da, da, da, da, da,

Phi Psi was on Chapin Street when Beta was a pup,
Phi Psis'll be on Chapin Street when Beta's busted up.
Their colors are a pink and blue--baby pink and baby blue.
Now doesn't that sound sweet to you for Beta Theta Pi?

Chorus

Now there is an eating club by the name of Sigma Chi.
And It's a hell of a hell of a hell of a bunch of guys.
They have a very pretty song, if it should ever die,
Who'd ever want to be a pledge of Sigma Sigma Chi.

Chorus

Now there is a country club by the name of S A E.
And they're the countriest, country club that you will ever see.
Their pledges are a bunch of butts, their brothers they are worse.
And if this one isn't bad enough we'll sing another verse.

Chorus

Kappa Sig's a brotherhood that's now on Social Pro.
With eighteen thousand loyal brothers pledging boys with dough.
The only thing that worries us is what they're gonna do
When they check the rolls and find they're feeding Sigma Alpha Mu.

Chorus

26.

Aggie War Hymn
Collected from Ray Simms, Phi Kappa Psi, Texas

Hullabaloo, k'neck, k'neck
Hullabaloo, k'neck, k'neck
We are the farmer boys from A & M
We've got a rouser for our Aggie hymn
We hate those dirty boys from Texas U.
They are the boys who make the Tea come true.

The eyes of Texas are upon us,
That is a fact we can't delete, eith defeat,
Oh, we hate those city slickers with their tea
Cause they win the football games
That makes it kinda rough
Makes it kinda rough
Texas A & M when the going gets tough

We are the Texas Aggies
La la la la la la
We saw those horns, but
Texas won't let us,
and that isn't fun al all
(And it makes us so jad we could just spit!)

27.

Gonna Build Me A Castle
Collected from David Kuverman, Sigma Alpha Mu, Texas U.

Gonna build me a castle, paint it purple and white
Gonna entertain royalty every night
Scatter them feeders all over the floor
Sigma Alpha Mu over the door.

Gonna marry me a girl from old T. U.
Gonna change her blood from red to blue.
In my little castle painted purple and white
Castle painted, castle painted white
In my little castle painted purple and white.

28. Sing Brother Sing
Collected from Bob Greve, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Texas U.

Sing, brother, sing, O'lordy, sing brother
Let Phi Alpha ring, sing brother, sing.
(Chorus)

They're called the Virgin Islands
But that cannot be
For on the Virgin Islands
There is an S A E.

Chorus

On every Kappa active,
There is a Kappa key
On every Kappa pledge,
There is an S A E.

Chorus

Lock up the gates of heaven
Throw away the key
Lock up the Virgin Mary
Here comes an S A E.

Chorus

Said Abraham to God
What is your fraternity?
Well Abraham's a Figi
But God's and S A E.

Chorus

A Sig Alph took an Alpha Phi
Up to his room you see,
Nine months went by
And there appeared a Sigma Alpha Phi.

Chorus

Mary had a little lamb
Its leg was made of mutton
And every time it raised its leg
It showed a Kappa Sig button

Chorus

29.

Drink, Drink, Drink
Collected from Bucky Hightower, Sigma Chi, Texas U.

Come you jolly kustos
 Fill us up a bumper
 Fill us up a bumper
 To the brim.
 And when we've downed it
 Fill us up another
 Fill us up another
 With a vim.
 And drink, drink, drink, drink
 Pass the wine cup free
 Drink, drink, drink, drink,
 Jolly Sigs are we
 Free from care and dispair
 What care we
 Here's to the blue and gold
 Our loved fraternity

When 'ere we meet as Sigma Chis
 Our chanting sweet ascends on high
 The moments fleet go passing by
 We'll sing and drink, drink, drink, drink.
 Pass the winecup free,
 Drink, drink, drink, drink,
 Jolly Sigs are we
 Free from care and dispair
 What care we.

30.

Kappa Alpha Theta Cutie Pies
Collected from several different people
(This song is sung by boys in a falseetta, imitating the
girls who sing it)

Damn, damn, damn the Kappa Gammas
 To hell with the Pi Beta Phis
 Oh, to hell with all the rest
 For we know that we're the best
 We're the Kappa Alpha Theta Cutie Pies.

Many people may disagree as to the classification of some of the songs I have collected, and some of the above songs should be sung only at stag parties, but they are being sung in mixed company depending on the groups, of course. Also some of the songs I chose to classify as stag songs, are sung in mixed company occasionally.

II. Songs for Stag Parties

1. Flee Alpha Phi

Collected from Bob Venable, Delta Tau Delta

To thee, Alpha Phi, we shall pledge our abortions
and lack of our virginity.
To the friends we have made, and the friends that
have made us
We lie here in state of pregnancy.

We'll send all our daughters to Wellsley or Vassar
As far as this place can be.
No freshmen to woo them
No seniors to screw them
To hell with thee, Alpha Phi.

2. Life

Tune: Scarlet Ribbons

Collected from Bob Venable, Delta Tau Delta

Life presents a doleful picture
All about is sad and gloom
Father has an anal stricture
Mother has a fallen womb.

In the corner sits Jerima
Never laughs and rarely smiles
What a dismal occupation
Cracking ice for Father's piles.

Bill, the butler's been deported
For a homosexual crime.
Nell the maid has been aborted
For the forty-second time.

Baby Ben is no exception
For he's always having fits
Every time he laughs he vomits
Every time he farts he shits.

3. The Wheel

Collected from John Holman, Pi Kappa Alpha

19

I met a sailor 'fore he died
I have no doubt that the bastard lied
About a maid with a cunt so wide
She never could be satisfied.

And so he built a fuckin' great wheel
With balls of brass and a rod of steel
The balls of brass were filled with cream
And the whole fuckin' issue was run by steam.

Round and round went the fuckin' great wheel
In and out went the rod of steel
Until at last the poor maid cried
"Enough, enough, I'm satisfied."

And now we come to the bitter bit
That there was no way of stopping it
The maid was split from ass to tit,
And the whole fuckin' issue was covered with shit!

4. Mary Ann Barnes

Collected from Eddie Latham, Phi Kappa Psi

Mary ann Barnes is queen of all the acrobats
She could do tricks that'd give a cat the shits.
She could flip green peas through her fundamental
orifice
Do a double somersault and catch 'em on her teats.

She's a great big son of a bitch
Twice as big as you and me
Hair on her ass like branches on a tree.
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck and drive a truck.
She's the kinda gal that's gonna marry me.

5. Adam

Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the Boys are Marching.
Collected from Bob Linde, Beta Theta Pi, Texas U.

19

Adam was the first man to ever wear the pin
And Socrates the wisest of all the earthly kin.
And Samson was the strongest although he had the itch.
And if Julius Caesar ever comes along we'll pledge
the son-of-a-b****h Betas raise your voices....

In Bohunkus, Tennessee,
There's a horse's ass that's me
And my father shoveled horseshit in the street,
in the street.

And when I was very young
He found diamonds in the dung
And he sent me off a Beta for to be.

Hail, hail, hail, you Masterbetas
Raise your thunderheads on high
And we'll drink another glass
To the biggest horses' ass
In the halls of Beta Theta Pi.

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Waltz Me Around Again Willie
Tune--"Cielito Lindo"

Ay, ay, ay, ay, In China they do it for chili
Oh, here comes the first verse, it's worse than another
verse,
So, waltz me around again Willie

There once was a queer from Rangoon
Who took a lesbian up to his room.
They argued all night, over who had the right
To do what, and with which, to whom.

Ah, ay, ay, ay, In China they do it for chili
Oh, here comes another verse, it's worse than the last
verse,
So, waltz me around again Willie.

There once was a man from Belair
Who tried to make love on the stair
The bannister broke, so he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid air.

Refrain

There once was a hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
She shriveled and shrank, my God how she stank
But think of the money Dave saved.

Refrain

There once was a young girl from Crete
Who dreamt she stripped in the street
She thought t'was a joke, until she awoke
And found mud on the soles of her feet.

Refrain

There once was a man from Sweeney
Who poured gin on his weenie.
But not to be uncouth, he added vermouth
And slipped his date a martini.

Refrain

There once was a man from El Paso
Whose balls were made out of brass.
When they banged together they played stormy weather
And lightening shot out of his ass.

Refrain

There once was a young girl from Peru
Who had nothing she wanted to do
So she sat on the stairs and counted her hairs,
Four thousand, nine hundred and two.

Refrain

There once were two monks from Siberia
Whose lives couldn't be drearier
They said with a yell, lets raise some hell,
And gang-banged the Mother Superior.

Refrain

There once was a man from Kileen
Who invented a fucking machine
Both concave and convex, it fit either sex,
But, oh what a bastard to clean.

Refrain

There once was a man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it.
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
If my ear were a cunt, I would fuck it.

Refrain

There once was a girl from Rangore
Whose cunt was extremely sore
As she walked down the street, dogs snapped at her meat,
Which hung like green cheese from her drawers.

Ay, ay, ay, ay In China they do it for chili
Oh, that was the last verse, it's worse than any other verse
So, waltz me around again Willie

The Runaway Train
Tune- "When Johnny Comes Marching Home"
Collected from Carl Stephanow, Sigma Nu, Texas

The runaway train went down the track
She blew, she blew
The runaway train went down the track,
She blew, she blew,
The runaway train went down the track
And I hope to hell she wont come back
And away she blew,
Oh, Lordy how she blew.

The engineer was at the throttle
 She blew, she blew
 The engineer was at the throttle
 She blew, she blew
 Jacking off with a whiskey bottle
 And away she blew
 Oh, Lordy how she blew.

The parlor maid was in the bar
 She blew, she blew
 The parlor maid was in the bar
 She blew, she blew
 A fucking herself with a black cigar
 And away she blew
 Oh, Lordy how she blew.

The damned old bum was riding the rods
 She blew, she blew
 The damned old bum was riding the rods,
 She blew, she blew
 When ninety-nine cars ran over his cods,
 And away she blew
 Oh, Lordy how she blew

Hot Nuts

Hot nuts, hot nuts, get 'em from the peanut man,
 Yeh yeh yeh yeh, nuts, hot nuts
 Get 'em any way you can.
 (Refrain)

Got it in the kitchen, got it in the hall
 Got it on my finger, so I wiped it on the wall-Nuts
 Hot nuts, get them from the peanut man.... etc.

See that man dressed in brown,
 He's got the bi gest nuts in town--Nuts
 Refrain

See that man dressed in black
 He carries his nuts in a gunny sack--Nuts
 Refrain

See that girl dressed in red
 She makes her living lying in bed--Nuts
 Refrain

See that girl dressed in pink
She's the one who make my finger stink--Nuts
Refrain

See that girl sitting on his lap,
Bang with her and you'll get the clap--Nuts
Refrain

See that girl over there in slacks
She shacks--Nuts
Refrain

Little red rooster, little black duck,
Put 'em on the table and watch them --dance--Nuts
Refrain

See that man who walks like a duck
He can't dance but he sure can fuck.--Nuts
Refrain

See that girl dressed in blue
She can't dance but she sure can screw --Nuts
Refrain

See that girl dressed in green
She lost her quarter in the bathroom machine--Nuts
Refrain

See that cool guy named Harry
He's got nuts but he's still a fairy.--Nuts
Refrain

Got some in a Cadillac, got some in a Ford
But the best I got was on the running board--Nuts
Refrain

See that guy, He's a Phi Gam
He's got nuts but they ain't worth a damn--Nuts
Refrain

Now there is a girl named Pearl
She cracks so many nuts, they call her squirrell--Nuts
Refrain

There is a girl named Jill
She won't screw, but her sister will--Nuts
Refrain

See that girl named Mary
They call her dingleberry--Nuts
Refrain

See that girl in blue
She'll polish your knob if you ask her to--Nuts
Refrain

See that man in back swinging a pick
Missed one day and cut off his finger--Nuts
Refrain

That man over there goes to Texas Tech
His nuts hang around his neck--Nuts
Refrain